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AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE APOSTLE  
PETER.

BY REV. HENRY A. MILES.

THERE is an instructive incident in the life of this Apostle, on which I have often reflected; and I feel prompted to name some of the lessons which it has suggested to my mind. The incident referred to occurred at the time Jesus washed the disciples' feet. Surprised at the menial service which his Master undertook, Peter declares peremptorily, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." But finding Jesus bent upon teaching by his own example the duty of serving one another, even to the humblest offices of kindness, Peter immediately withdraws his refusal, and goes the length of requesting even more than the Savior proposed; "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." Such was this ardent and impulsive disciple! Observe how Jesus represses his sudden zeal. In a country where it was the practice to bathe before supper, it was only necessary to wash the feet after walking *from* the bath, and one was clean every whit. This was all that the occasion really required, and no more than this did Jesus do.

This conduct of Peter has led us to reflect upon the tendency of the human mind, in religious matters, to fly from one extreme to another. The history of opinions affords a singular commentary in illustration of this tendency. Ages of skeptical unbelief, and ages of undoubting faith, have alternated with each other. A few years ago the charge against the Established Church of England was, that the laity were

indifferent, and the clergy were unbelieving. All at once there has sprung up in that country and in that church a credulity which accepts of tradition, and the writings of old monkish authors, as ample authority for the revival of worn out customs and absurd superstitions. Sometimes you will meet a man who is a disbeliever in everything but what he calls the religion of the soul. He does not need a Bible, he does not need the Sabbath, he does not need the Sacraments. His soul is sufficient to itself. After living a while in this state with himself alone, perhaps experiencing, as a quaint old author suggests, but poor company, his soul begins to look out of itself. It sees that outward helps are after all very good things. Soon he begins to exaggerate their importance, perhaps even comes to the conclusion that there can be no salvation without them. How many have represented the doctrine of future punishment in such horrible and appalling forms that at length their own minds have revolted against it. Then they have rushed to the opposite extreme of affirming that there is no future retribution at all. These are but a few examples of a tendency to extremes which every where reappears. Peter does not stand alone. His conduct was but a type of the conduct of other disciples of every age, and of every name.

This incident has, moreover, led me to reflect upon the importance of seeing the *principle* on which every religious doctrine and practice rests. Now Peter did not see the principle by which our Savior's conduct was governed. Hence his inconsistency, first declaring that he would not be washed at all, and then offering for ablution his feet hands and head. Had he seen the *principle* of the case, he would no more have made the last request than he would have offered the first refusal, and here is intimated to us a great truth. The "too much" springs from the same want of intelligent conviction as the "too little." Thus it is that extremes meet. A man who is full of a false and blustering zeal for religion, has no more intelligent understanding of the case, than the man who is utterly indifferent. He who exaggerates the doctrine of future punishment so much that his mind cannot entertain it, has no more a true belief in a future judgment, than he who denies it altogether. And so in every case which can be named. The "too much," I repeat it, springs from the same want of intel-

ligent faith as the "too little." The proof is that men's minds will swing back and forth, from one of these conditions to the other, and always pass over the true point, where they should rest. And where a man has no clear comprehension of the principle involved in any doctrine or practice, what is to prevent him from imitating Peter, now refusing any washing, then asking all washing, now hot, and then cold, now on one extreme, and then on the other, and on either only because he has no well understood and rational faith.

This incident has taught me that there is a middle course, a central line, a golden mean in matters of religion, as in everything else. It is our duty to find it. We must use our reason and common sense. We must consider what properly belongs to the subject, is consistent with all truth, and is agreeable to the fitness of things. It is sometimes difficult to do this. It is vastly easier to take some extreme, like Peter, on one side or on the other, and to say we will not be washed at all, or else we will be washed all over. But truth lies between, in that middle point, where Jesus stood, and there the poise of our mind should settle. It is from this well known proneness of men's minds to take extreme positions, that moderate opinions are much more likely to be true. The multitude jump one side or the other; *in medio tutissime ibis*. No sooner do men see an error than they begin to travel away from it as fast as they can. At length they have so far crossed the equator that they begin to approach the very point they would shun, coming round to it by way of the other pole. They act as if they thought that the reverse of wrong must be right; whereas the reverse of wrong is often only another form of wrong, while the right lies exactly between. But there are some men who can never take any interest in a plain moderate truth. It must have something peculiar or striking about it. It will not awaken their attention and excite their feelings until they inflate it, and exaggerate it into a lie. Some such feeling as this I cannot but attribute to Peter. Merely to have his feet washed, this was a common thing, and what any man every day did. But to be washed all over, while he sat at meat, this was something new and striking, what he could feel an interest in and readily accept. How plainly can we trace the operation of this principle in the history of theology! No doubt there is a sense in which

the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are one, one in their works and counsel and will. But to represent them as three persons, and yet one person, three Gods, and yet one God, "equal in substance power and glory," this is something startling, awful, mysterious; and many say they must believe this or nothing. No doubt man is a depraved being, having alienated himself from God, through the influence of evil example, and the power of wicked works. But to represent him as *born* entirely vile, without the power of one good affection or one good work, this is something new, before revelation unheard of, and to man's reason appalling; and he must have faith in this, it is said, or in nothing. No doubt Christ died for us, the just to save the unjust; but such a sacrifice as this is the same in kind as other beings have made. The doctrine must be dressed up in some mysterious and awful form. We must believe that Christ died as the literal *substitute* for the sinful, that the Father sheathed his angry sword in the innocent body of the Son, and this must be our creed or nothing. And thus how many have imitated Peter's readiness to add something to the plain requirements of Christ! The example of Jesus shall be our warrant to keep free from these extremes. It is our duty to find the middle ground, the golden mean, to plant ourselves there, to go not with those who would have more, as we would not with those who would have less. But how can we do this if we will not consider what properly belongs to the subject, what is consistent with all truth, and agreeable to the fitness of the case? How can we do it, if we will not use that same reason and common sense in matters of religion, which we use in everything else?

Finally, our Savior's firmness in the case before us is also very instructive. He did not yield to the request of his impulsive disciple. He did just that which was fit and proper for the occasion, and he did no more. Let us never yield to the clamors of those who are entreating us to go farther than we do, if we feel that it holds to conscience and duty to be just where we stand. Of course, it is easy to say that our zeal is lukewarm. So it must seem to those who are twice as ardent as we. But the question is still an open one, whose zeal is most according to knowledge, and of that we will not allow the most extravagant, to be the most competent judge.



What if many are ready to condemn our plans, as mere "half-way measures"—a phrase often somewhat odious, as it implies that we are timid and time-serving. Better is it to have a half-measure all right, than to have the other half, if it must be all wrong. So some may condemn our faith, our religious belief, as they do condemn it, and among other things call it the half-way house to infidelity. A half-way house indeed! And did you ever know any moderate and reasonable opinion which was not a half-way house between two extremes? A half-way house indeed! And this is its very merit; for this we will cling to it, and honor it, that it is a half-way house, and midway between the skeptical and the credulous, between the indifferent and the fanatical, between those who say, thou shalt never wash my feet, and those others who say, Lord, not my feet only but also my head and my hands. There where Jesus stood, we would stand. On what we believe to be true and right, we will be poised, settled, steadfast, turning not to the right hand, nor to the left.

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#### THE MARTYR OF THE XVI. CENTURY.

It was midnight, the drifting clouds fled across the sky, as if chased by some unhallowed spirit, now piling themselves up mountain like, opposing all their force to the invisible enemy, now scattering in flight, leaving openings in the clear blue sky, through which looked down the quiet stars upon the hushed city of Vienna. Intense repose brooded over the place, but could the watchers from the starry worlds have possessed space-penetrating power enough, they would have perceived at least one anxious being who was gazing on the unquiet sky with the deep interest of him who hangs upon the clouds for life or death, freedom or captivity.

Near the outskirts of the city rose a massive structure, gloomy and dungeonlike; its barred windows, and high walls, bespoke its nature; it was the prison house of the Inquisition, that dread place whose gates when once closed upon the unhappy accused, rarely again opened to them, unless unlocked by the

sacrifice of the priceless treasure of conscience, and true faith. In one of its most comfortable apartments, now paced backwards and forwards one who had been imprisoned on the charge of the heinous heresy of denying the Holy Trinity, and other marvels of the Athanasian creed. With firm yet unequal steps, he trode the narrow limits, within which he was confined. Now he paused at the door to listen to the weary tread of the sentinel who walked the rounds of the prison corridors. Then he watched eagerly from the long and narrow window the restless clouds, as the wind drove them hither and thither, and then with eyes suddenly cast down he would seem to be measuring the distance to the ground.

His room looked out upon a small garden, which formed the back of the prison, and which he knew was deeply ditched around. He had marked in his daily watchings every peculiarity in the ground, and he now but waited for the security of the after midnight hour, to attempt his escape. With a beating heart, he heard the call of the city sentinel which told him the wished for time had come. Soon every sound ceased in the prison, the footfall of the guard was no longer heard, and the hush of death prevailed.

The eager watcher then bound around his waist a loose cloak, placed in his bosom a small book, which he drew from a place of concealment under his bed,—it was a copy of the New Testament,—which had revealed to his inquiring mind the pure and precious truths for which he was now suffering. With a noiseless step he went to the window, and with a quiet but strong hand he removed the bars which it had been the labor of some time for him to loosen. One slipped from his grasp, and as it rang upon the floor, with an echoing clang, the prisoner pressed his hands to his forehead, with an expression of despairing agony; he hardly dared breathe, so intense was his fear, and when he heard the heavy step of the sentinel hastily aroused from his slumbers, when it approached just opposite his door, stopped, and the rattling of keys intimated that the watchful warder was about to enter his room, he would have willingly given up all hope of freedom, for the promise of assured escape from detection of his rash attempt to secure his own freedom; but the deep silence seemed to reassure the sentinel, for after a few moments, he proceeded on

his round, but for some time he paced back and forth, as if distrust still lingered in his mind, finally the steps grew fainter and fainter and soon ceased altogether, and then the prisoner breathed more freely.

After waiting a little while to be assured there was no further danger of interruption, he succeeded in removing the rest of the bars, then tied together his bed clothes, fastened them to the window, and thus dropped himself noiselessly into the garden. The friendly clouds were now gathered about the moon, leaving just light enough for him to mark his course. He soon reached the ditch, and here another difficulty awaited; it was not so wide but a vigorous leap would carry him over it, but he dreaded lest the sound should arouse some of the sentinels he knew were posted in some quarters, where, he could not exactly tell. He thought it best as it seemed rugged and uneven to creep down one side and up the other; after some difficulty the feat was accomplished, and Servetus, for he it was, found himself in comparative safety, outside not only of the prison bounds, but of the city which had proved so fatal to him. He paused but to offer up one prayer of devout thankfulness, and then sped on his way, feeling the importance of every hour.

On he went till the glorious sun rose above the distant mountains, and he knew that then, at that very moment, his flight must be discovered, and immediate pursuit would follow. He was however, two or three hours in advance of his pursuers, and he thought for a time he could keep on his way, as even mounted they could not immediately overtake him, but he dared not trust himself very long in the open road, and he soon withdrew into the forests, and shielded with its solitary depths where no passer by could find him, he rested in quiet security. There he heard from afar the tramp of horses, shouts, and eager voices, those he knew that must be in pursuit of him, but they had not the Indian sagacity to guide them, and they failed to track his path. When night came he resumed his course refreshed only by a draught of cold water, and some of the coarse wheaten bread he had saved from his prison fare, and concealed about him, against an emergency like the present.

For many weary days he continued his journey, sometimes

resting at the house of a friend, in some of the little villages through which he passed ; but so great was the dread of the power of the Inquisition, that even these friends who were most attached to him, seemed to give fearfully and almost reluctantly the shelter and refreshment he required. Servetus had quite time to reflect upon the past and mature his plans for the future, and he determined to retire to Naples, and there to live in a quiet obscure manner, and not to bring himself again before the world, in such an obnoxious way, but to be content with the enjoyment of his own faith without attempting to reform that of others. Happy was the freed prisoner when he found himself out of the Austrian dominions, and within the borders of free Switzerland, free in name, and yet hardly more free in reality than the papal countries, for it was bending itself under the yoke of the stern and inflexible Calvin, who with iron brow, and heart tempered in the white heat of fanatic zeal, till it was steeled to every whispering of humanity, ruled with almost despotic power over the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland.

Servetus paused upon the borders to decide upon his course ; he was determined to go to Naples, still a strange infatuation possessed him to go to Geneva ; he felt an irresistible inclination to see and converse with Calvin, once again. For years he had corresponded with him, he knew his deadly hatred to the theological views which born of an earnest mind, and matured by the closest investigation and comparison of the holy word, had become a part of his very being. He could not hope by his arguments to overcome this trained doctrinal gladiator, but he thought he had in him a generous antagonist, who would sympathize with him, in the persecution he had received from the power he deemed as much opposed to Calvin as himself. He knew not that it was Calvin's hand that directed the Inquisitorial eyes upon him, — that it was Calvin, who informed the magistrates of Vienna, that he had written the "*Christianismi Restitutio*," which rendered him liable to their laws. No, the generous nature of Servetus could never have believed, that he who called himself a reformer, aye, and a minister of the peace loving and forgiving Jesus, could so far stoop to gratify revengeful feelings, as to betray any person, much less one who had opened to him

frankly each page of his doubting and inquiring mind, who had discoursed with him ever with a friendly though earnest spirit points of controversy which arose in their mutual investigation.

Therefore without a doubt or fear as to the reception he should meet with, not an anxiety with regard to any personal danger he might be in, he entered Geneva, took lodgings in a humble inn, and wholly unsuspecting sought an interview with Calvin. The stern reformer could scarcely conceal his surprise and chagrin, at seeing the formidable contemner of his most beloved doctrines, whom he thought safely immured for life within the walls of the fatal prison of the Inquisition, free, and clinging with still more of conviction and pertinacity to the heresies for which he had already keenly suffered. He might, would he but have admitted it, have felt, that the seclusion of a prison was the best place to strike yet deeper the roots of any idea or principle that had once seized upon a mind like that of Servetus, but judging as Calvin did, looking upon the theological opinions of his opponent as the most dangerous which could be promulgated in the christian world, as loosening the very foundation of all faith, he could not but deem it the rankest obstinacy in him to cling to them as he did.

Once more he went over the old arguments with him; every isolated text of scripture which wrenched from its true position could be brought to bear upon the great and favorite doctrines of election and predestination, every argument on which could be rested the theory of the atonement and the Trinity, were brought forward, the utter depravity of human nature, its horrible birthright, the dreadful heir-loom received from the first of the race, was insisted upon with fearful vehemence. In vain Servetus brought answering texts,—in vain he plead that the whole spirit of the bible, and not single passages should be considered,—in vain he plead that our Father in Heaven was indeed a Father, and not the stern inflexible iron *judge*, the reflection of Calvin's own mind, whom he painted in such terrific colors as sent the children of earth, from before his face, and led them to worship the Son with the reverence which should be given only to the Father.

Calvin's strong expressions and vivid picturings seemed almost blasphemy to Servetus, and they parted with the impression on the mind of the latter, that he had no longer a

friend in the stern and uncompromising Genevan, but he did not know—he could not have believed that his conversation with this inflexible man, had only quickened into more active life, a resolve which had long had place in his mind, matured by time and brooding upon the misdemeanors of Servetus, if he ever came within the limits of Geneva to denounce him as a heretic and deliver him up to the “powers that be.” The following evening as Servetus was sitting in his humble room, meditating upon the great truths that had dawned upon his mind, dwelling upon the beautiful love of the Father, who had sent such a pure and sinless example, to lead the world once more to see and recognise him in his brightness and perfection, while he was drawing the contrast between God as he appeared to his mind, the loving Father, the pitying friend, the hearer and answerer of prayer, with the cold, stern, stony figure of justice, Calvin dignified by the name of God, he was startled, and his reflections interrupted by the tramp of feet upon the stones, and in a moment his door was thrown open, and the ministers of justice entered, and declared him a prisoner arrested by the command of the magistrates of Geneva, on a charge of blasphemy and heresy.

Without any resistance and with dignified calmness of manner, Servetus arose and followed the officers. The few books and papers which were upon his table were seized in the hope of corroborating testimony being found among them. He was carried to the prison, and consigned to one of its gloomy apartments, to await his trial. But the worthy magistrates of Geneva found themselves in an embarrassing position; hurried on by the warm appeals of Calvin, whose boundless influence they had not courage to resist, they had arrested one over whom they had no legal claim; he was not a native of Geneva, or even of Switzerland, he was a passing traveller, resting for a brief space within their borders, he had been guilty of no treason against their laws, no crime could be laid to his charge, but that of thinking for himself, of differing from the popular voice in peculiar doctrinal points, but even this they knew not except from the suggestion of Calvin, for he had not come forward with his obnoxious opinions, no heretical thoughts had been published or publicly avowed within their limits, and what right had they thus to kidnap the trusting



traveller? This was a question that frequently came up to their minds, they knew that this extraordinary proceeding would attract attention to their movements, and they determined therefore to obtain every sanction and support they could. They despatched messengers to the magistrates of each of the Protestant Swiss Cantons, to obtain their co-operation and advice. These unanimously concurred in referring the matter to an ecclesiastical tribunal, which was accordingly convened.

What mercy could such an one as Servetus expect from a tribunal composed of divines, of the strictest school of Calvinistic theology and over whom Calvin by the force of his powerful mind, and iron will, reigned supreme. In vain were all the reasonings of Servetus, in vain did he claim the right of private judgment; he was met only with reproach and contumely, he was silenced by the power of words, not arguments. Every effort was made to induce him to retract his opinions, rewards were proffered for this world and the next, and the fiercest punishment threatened should he refuse. The flames which should consume his mortal body were looked upon but as the type of the endless burning which ever scorching, but never consuming, would be his portion hereafter.

But neither rewards or punishments had any effect upon the calm, determined mind of Servetus; with an unbending form, and serene face, he listened to all his accusers could say, but still held fast to his integrity. What! retract his opinions, disavow the truth which seemed to be traced in letters of light by the finger of God upon his heart; no, not once did it enter into his mind; these truths became dearer to him for all he had suffered; he would carry them undimmed to the throne of his heavenly Father and there receive their confirmation, or meekly learn his error, but never in this world would he relinquish them.

Angry and indignant that they could exercise no influence over the mind of Servetus, the irritated council determined to use their prerogative to the utmost, and they accordingly condemned him to be burnt to death in the public square of Geneva.

On the 27th Oct., 1553, an unusual sensation seemed to pervade the people of Geneva and its environs, crowds pressed



into the city, the streets were filled with a busy multitude, in their holiday attire, and yet with something of a saddened and awe struck air about them ; they rolled along towards the public square, which was soon blocked up by an immense crowd. What were they gathered there to witness ? The pile in the centre of the square told but too truly the fatal tragedy which was there to be enacted.

At the appointed hour the bells of the principal churches tolled forth a mournful requiem, and Servetus, his noble form erect, and instinct with conscious integrity, but with the gentle demeanour of one who is doing a simple act of duty, was led forth, and securely chained to the fearful stake, around him were piled bunches of light faggots, mingled with blocks of wood, and when the signal was given the executioner touched the lighted torch to the combustible materials, and in a moment the flames shot wildly up, at first as if in sport playing around the outskirts of the pile, darting their bright tongues mockingly towards heaven and leaping from faggot to faggot, with a light crackling sound, but soon the heavier wood caught, and the fierce lurid flames assumed a body and power, no longer dancing gracefully about, but burning with an intense and fearful heat, which made itself felt to the very outskirts of the gasping, shuddering crowd. Every moment they expected to hear the retraction which could even yet save the life of the heretic Servetus. Friendly voices called to him to abjure his errors ; but to raise his hand, in acknowledgment of the holy Trinity, and he should come forth unscathed. But no sign of faltering gave he, firm and unflinching he stood, his eyes raised upwards, and his lips moving in earnest prayer. Soon the flames caught his hair, and as they shot about his face, few in that multitude could look steadily upon the awful spectacle.

But there was one, who turned not away, over whom came not the shadow of regret, but who feasted upon the burning heretic as upon the accepted sacrifice sanctioned by Heaven, and a most offering to the Most High. This was no other than John Calvin, who stationed at the window of a house which overlooked the square, watched with an almost frenzied satisfaction this horrible "auto da fe ;" not a compunctious visiting came over him, not a reproachful murmur of confidence betrayed, but only calm and quiet satisfaction that he had put

his hand upon the head of the serpent he thought was instilling poison into the theology of the world. But who would not rather have been the noble Michael Servetus, suffering the greatest physical torture, burning at the stake, the quivering flesh consuming slowly, but surely, the laboring breath struggling to escape, while choked and almost suffocated by the wreaths of smoke which rolled around and over him, than the self-satisfied Calvin, whose own heart taught him no better appreciation of the Fatherly love of the deity than to believe such a sacrifice could be a "sweet smelling savour" to him.

Thus died in the 44th year of his age, Michael Servetus a learned Spaniard, the victim of religious intolerance, a martyr of the 16th century, a truth loving and noble man. He was the son of a notary at Villa Nueva in Arragon; at a suitable age he was sent to Toulouse to study the civil law, there the discussions of the reformers were carried on with great warmth, and his mind becoming excited by the subject, he took the holy Scriptures, and unbiassed by any previous prepossessions, he studied them with an earnest desire to learn the truth; a careful investigation led him to the conviction that the doctrine of the Trinity had no foundation in holy writ, but was a superstructure raised upon the simple pediment of Christianity; his ardent mind could not rest satisfied with keeping his convictions to himself, he wished others also to be enlightened, and he accordingly published a tract setting forth its errors entitled "*De trinitatis erroribus*," which production he followed up, the next year, by his "*Dialogorum de Trinitate*." These works drew upon him the eyes of all the theological world — and led the way to a correspondence with Calvin, with whom he discussed all their points of difference.

Not being very successful in the law, he studied medicine, into which he carried the same researching, investigating mind, which distinguished his theological studies. His papers show he made a near approach to the discovery of the circulation of blood; he practised medicine in Chanhein, near Lyons, for three or four years, but removed from there to Vienna, at the request of the Archbishop of the city. In 1553, he published his natural doctrinal system, under the title of "*Christianismi Restitutio*," but without his name, and probably would have remained undiscovered, and lived a long and useful life, had

not Calvin, to whom he had confided the fact, betrayed his confidence, and the fatal result we have seen in his becoming the martyr of the 16th century.

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### A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. C. W. H. DALL.

"An unspotted life is old age."

FAR away from the turmoil of the town, lies a sequestered country village. Neither its soil, nor its people, are of the richest, but as if to compensate those who dwell there, for the loss of worldly wealth, Nature here lavishes her choicest treasures. Every hill top is garlanded with flowers, and the trees of the swamp are hung with festoons of the wild vine and the creeper. Sparkling rills burst forth from the green carpet of moss, which is spread out over every defile. Beneath the hedgerows the houstonia and the "blue eye" peep up timidly. The paths through the forest are purple with the violets, the white feet of *Arethusa* glance in and out of every brook—and later in the season, blushing berries tempt the truant child, gleaming from among dark clusters of leaves. Embosomed in hills, this village presents a great variety of landscape. Many a little farm, lying on its borders, concentrates the beauty of a whole county in a less favored region. Foxes have not yet forsaken its burrows. The baying of hounds is heard at sunrise. Partridges still "covey" amid its undergrowth, and the frequent crack of the rifle tells the story of the spoiler. Among these gentle and poetical influences dwelt the family of a retired clergyman and his wife. Many were the "angel visitants" whom they had gathered at their hearth, and called their children; many were the ties with which Providence had graciously united them to earth, but before we met, some had been already loosened and some transferred to another world. Their eldest daughter had been taken in the first dawn of her beauty and promise. The father had prided himself on her scholarship, and rectitude of pur-

pose. The mother dwelt on her filial consideration for herself, the sisters on her self-possession and good judgment, the whole village on her truthfulness and sweet temper. Yet, the Father spake, and they gave her back. With direful struggles of the heart, yet, they gave her back, and a green nook in the village churchyard received the cast off garment of her soul. Strong hearted sons they had lost also, but of them we knew little. When we first went to the village the family consisted of two married sisters, living far away from home, a son, college bred — but now following the homely labors of the farm, two young daughters Charlotte and Clara, still the light of the old homestead, and a second son — one who had given high promise of future eminence, but upon whom the hand of disease had pressed too heavily. With a quiet and faithful spirit he resigned his cherished expectations, and submitted to a surgical operation, and with one limb the less devoted himself thenceforth to the teaching of the young, a task for which his gentle patient spirit eminently qualified him. Charlotte and Clara were nearly of an age, and the fancied union of twin sisters was a faint semblance of the unity of thought and purpose subsisting between them. Clara was the youngest, but the dark hair parted over her brow, her soft grey eye, her gentle mien, and still gentler smile, gave token of no common maturity of character. She loved the society of her elders, and held offices of trust in benevolent associations of the village. Some years before her sister had she taken her seat at the Master's table and over a little band of Sabbath School children held she faithful supervision. On the whole, she gave one the impression of a singularly faithful, quiet and reserved nature, of a judgment to be relied on, and a tenderness that would not fail. The elder sister was her complete contrast. A sunny, enthusiastic, bounding spirit beamed out of her large brown eyes, and rippled with gold the waves of her fine hair. Hopeful, happy, loving, she was like Clara only in her affection for her sister, but free as the sunshine, joyous as the lark which soars to meet it. Singularly lovely, when the pensiveness of affection clouded for a moment the clear heaven of her brow. Singularly inspired, when the voice of the outer world was echoed from the depths of her poetic spirit.

The summer in which our tale opens, was a busy one for the

two girls. The invalid brother, worn with long teaching was to go to Europe for his health. Charlotte was to be parted from Clara. One morning we found her bending earnestly over her pen. "What are you writing, Lotty?" we said before she caught the sound of our approaching steps. "A love letter," she answered simply, lifting her face like a true hearted child, as the tides of color ebbed and flowed.

Then for the first time we learnt that she was soon to be the bride of one, self-denying, intelligent and thoughtful. "He was only too good for her," she said. The wedding must take place, before the invalid brother departed, for especially dear was he to both the girls. So a double purpose opened their hands, and quickened the motion of the needle. All summer long they toiled, patiently and faithfully. It grieved us oftentimes to find them still at their task, when the red sun had gone down, and the whippoorwill had begun his song. Still they prized these hours of sisterly communion so much that no stranger dared to intermeddle with their joy. At last, came the hour of the bridal. The eldest of the married sisters came from the western part of the state, for Lotty's new home was to be near her, — and busied herself about the bride. Calm and beautiful was her matronly face, and more attractive still the assiduous, yet unobtrusive attention she bestowed upon the young sister. In "sister Hatty" Charlotte trusted as in a second mother. "I never felt more calm," said the bride when some jested with her, and a peace too deep for words nestled in her heart while she spoke. "Love and truth" twined in evergreens, by Clara's thoughtful hands, fluttered above the bridal party. The minister opened the service by reading in a sweet and solemn voice, a part of the marriage sermon in Mountford's Martyria. Then he reminded them of the wedding at Cana, and for what purpose marriage was instituted and had become honorable in all. Then came the solemn prayer, in which the hearts of all present joined, invoking God's benison on their covenant. Then the promise, not the old promise, so often necessarily broken, of love and obedience, but "to act towards each other, this life, as Jesus Christ in God's word did require." Then followed the declaration of Marriage and a short prayer, commending them again to God. Before the benediction, was an address to the newly

married pair, entreating them to lead their household in family prayer, and to permanently unite their own hearts on the altar of God. Music broke the first solemn pause, and with sweet words of thanksgiving was the remainder of the evening wiled away. Many had remarked at the time, how pale and thin was Charlotte's cheek, and that an unnatural flush deepened on Clara's brow. The invalid brother departed; Thanksgiving came. Clara and her parents passed the festive hours with the bride, but from that hour Clara's eye was less bright, and with a crimson cheek and painful step she moved about her ordinary duties. Still she did not complain. It was not till the opening of Christmas week, that she sent for her physician and took to her pillow. Three or four days of sickness followed, during which she maintained her grateful happy spirit, and called herself "comfortably ill," and then a state of "coma" supervened. A consultation was called, and on the morning of the 25th of Dec. 1847, the Savior bent over her humble couch, and received into his arms the beatified spirit, as a birth-day gift. During her insensible state, she lay with her mother's hand clasped in hers. Every now and then a smile broke over her countenance, and she would begin to sing, or murmur the first line of some familiar hymn.

"Sister Hatty" had come home on a visit, and was fortunately at her side, to lighten her mother's care. On the 28th we laid her to rest. The same voices that had serenaded the bride, but a few months before — in tones that pulsated with grief, now broke the still air of her father's house, with the words, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely." Often had Clara and Charlotte sung these lines together, and we trembled as we thought of the throbbing heart beneath the mourning dress of the latter. She had disappointed us all. She had quelled her passionate sorrow, and wore her touching smile about her face of stone. We laid the departed to rest, far down beneath the snow, in the frozen earth, and with a northwest wind driving the sleet into our eyes. \* \* The bride returned to her new home. She was not well and not even the dawning hope of a mother effaced the memory of her first bitter trial. An alternation of the most unintelligible and complicated complaints beset her. For nearly six months she lingered, now losing and then gaining ground, and bewildering the minds of



all who knew her physical condition. Intense pain she sometimes suffered, food was distasteful, and her emaciation became frightful. About the middle of May, the absent invalid returned. At the same time, Charlotte was taken from her own home, to sister Hatty's peaceful dwelling. From this time forward, it was a privilege to be with her. Much she suffered in body, and she had an indescribable longing to be with Clara. She knew that she was going from a husband whom she idolized, but she said it was for only a little while. "I am going to Elizabeth and Clara," she said, "you will all come soon." Her brother went to see her, and told her of his foreign travels. He had not heard of his first bitter bereavement, till he reached New York. It seemed too much to look forward to a second. He read to her, he talked with her, but had scarcely reached his home before he was again summoned to her side. Her illness was become more serious, yet still they hoped. In its progress they cut off her beautiful hair. "I do not know what my husband will say," she said, "for he was proud of its heavy folds, but I dare say he will like it, and want me to wear a pretty little cap, if—if—I get well." "I am glad you say if, Charlotte," said the kind voice of sister Hatty, "It is thus that we should speak of all things earthly." "It is a long time," she replied, "since I have proposed anything to myself, without adding that in private." No one can tell how much her longing for Clara aided the work of disease. She kept her beautiful smile to the last, and dwelt much upon her many blessings. On Saturday, the 10th of June, after a thorough examination of her case, by the most skilful physician in the county, it became evident that she could not live. As she lay on her snowy pillow, the children as they came from the garden showered flowers all about her, and out of their midst shone her dark brown eye, and the happy smile of her infancy. Throughout the remainder of her sickness, she thought more of others than of herself,—desired to save them from sad emotion, and when she asked for anything, did it gently with a fear that she was causing too much trouble. "Open the window, sister Hatty," she said, "It is a beautiful world, and I shall not be long in it." "And are you not going to a beautiful world, dear Charlotte?" "Yes!" she answered, "but I love this world because I know it." She had not many



of her souvenirs about her, but she told to whom she wished them to be given and left her last words for her absent friends. On Monday morning she asked for her parents, but understanding that they could not reach her, submitted cheerfully to her Father's will. She spoke no special farewell, save to her husband. She thanked him for his tenderness, and with her whole store of self-sacrifice and purity of heart, wished that he might yet be happy with *another*. "I wish," she continued, desirous to save him the distress which his countenance indicated, "I wish we had selected a spot in the cemetery, that I might know where I shall lie." "Charlotte," said her sister, "would you not like to lie by Clara?" Her whole face lighted up in a moment. "Oh yes, that would be beautiful!" she said, "but I thought it was too far." To the promise that was then given her, she returned a request that the headstones might be made precisely alike. "And now, dear Hatty," she continued, "brush back my hair, for I want to look natural."

Seeing how sad they seemed, she added, winding her arms about her sister's neck, "Do not look sad. I hope it is not wrong, sister Hatty, but I would a little rather die. If you do not feel as if you could talk cheerfully, pray read or sing to me." Before her sister could finish the first verse of the 23d Psalm, she caught it from her and repeated it to the end. "I learnt it when I was a little child," she said, "and I know not how often I have repeated it since." Often through the day, she fell into refreshing slumber, but waked from it suddenly with a clear, untroubled consciousness. Once she asked a friend to play for her. As the notes of a favorite verse died away, she said, "It sounds like the morning breeze." Afterwards her weary muscles tried in vain to frame the words, "Our Father." At last, she articulated "Our Father—Amen." It flashed upon her husband's mind that the prayer, which they always repeated before sleeping, she wished to hear once more. Slowly and earnestly he said the words, and her silent lips followed them. At the close she said, "Amen!" and with her heavenly smile fell into slumber. A quivering in her throat came on, and she asked gently, "Sister Hatty, am I dying now?" Shortly after, she roused again, and asked for music. They sang two hymns ;

as they stood by her bed, and while their voices trembled through the line,

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,"

she dropt asleep once more, and soon after breathed her last. Her patient, much tried brother departed with the dawn for his bereaved home, and "Sister Hatty," sustained till the last duty was fulfilled, sought a refuge from her finally victorious suffering, in the love of God.

Two days had passed; on the 14th of June, 1848, her coffin rested in the porch of our little church; on it lay a wreath of myrtle and white clover—a happy reference to the simple rural taste, and elegant enthusiasm, of her who slept beneath. A crowd of those who loved her gathered from the village. The voices with which hers had so often mingled broke once more the stillness—now of the house of God—with the words of her favorite Mt. Vernon. From the wisdom of Solomon and the words of Christ, the Pastor gathered his Scripture reading. Then followed an address, in which his own touched heart only responded to the plaintive tone of the whole assembly; closing it with the beautiful hymn,

"Father, that, in the olive shade,  
When the dark hour came on,  
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid  
Strengthen thy Son,"

he continued in solemn prayer to commend the bereaved family to God.

Before his tremulous tones had died away, the mournful music of "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb," floated on the air. Once more the pastor rose, and blessed the afflicted with the "peace that passeth understanding." Never is a funeral so touching as in the country at evening. The sun was scarce half an hour high when we followed her to her quiet grave. In our beautiful churchyard, flowers tell of the affection still cherished for the departed. Green turf was beneath our feet, and a spreading oak over our heads. A grave had been opened, and Charlotte's coffin was lowered till it met that of Clara. "They sleep in one grave," said the brother.

"And how peacefully she spoke of it," faltered the husband. Our tears fell fast upon the coffin, but the setting sun shone gorgeously into the grave, and sent rainbows quivering through them as they fell.

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### THE TEACHER'S ESTIMATE OF HIS WORK.

WE have stayed our hurried steps at the death-bed of the latest hour:—the last of those many, many hours which in successive births and deaths made up the existence of a year. Among that large number stand those we spent as teachers. The teacher's hour! Almost a technicality, now, of the Sunday school. Of this, it is to be hoped we may say,

"It died, as dies the natural flower,  
A self-reviving thing of power."

An hour!—it is but a minute point in one year. Heaped together, they are but as a handful of spray, cast scattering from the great flowing river of time. In that awful eternity of the past and present none but the all-seeing eye of God can discern them. But in their spiritual issues, who shall tell their value! We teachers do not realize what it is. We make a low estimate of our work; and therefore of our duties in it, and like the doomed in Hades are laboring to raise a continually falling weight. Looking at the institution from without, we see that it is verbally and substantially honored. Perhaps the teacher has cause for gratitude that he is *permitted* to obey the Master's injunction—"Go your ways. And into whatsoever house ye enter say, Peace be to this house." Among the interests of this generation the "History of Sunday Schools" has already taken no insignificant place, thanks to the untiring zeal of a long-tried friend and supporter. But we speak of its moral and spiritual power and we say it is not appreciated within itself. Its foes are they of its own household. The comparative triviality of reasons for the discontinuance of the teacher's labors—the despondency of those who remain, stand as the most common if not most prominent witnesses of this fact. Oh, would that when our turn comes

to point the moral — "This is the last of earth" — it might be asked concerning us, as of that illustrious old man, "Where else would he himself have been so willing to have yielded up his life, as at the post of duty, and by the side of that very altar to which he had devoted it?"

The extreme youthfulness of teachers, which is a characteristic of Sunday school education, only testifies to the truth of our first witness. Few grow old at their post. Is there a teacher who will need to go out from the experience of his own heart, for a voucher to the credibility of the second witness? The despondency of the teacher! How often have we exclaimed, "To what purpose is this waste — this expenditure of time, of energies and affections? At best the Sunday school must be ineffective. One short hour in the week, in which to labor, and a warfare at that. Each successive Sabbath the work to be begun — the current of the six-day life to be turned back. We read that in one night the waters of the great river were turned back from their channel, and, by it, a conqueror entered the citadel. Not so for us — we *never* conquer. Again, and again, the river runs into its old bed. In the customs, fashions, habits of the world, our children's souls are walled up, and the walls are too strong for us. And moreover, who asks for our labors, or thanks us for them? "To what purpose then this waste? Why give that which is holy to the dogs? We need our time, our energies for ourselves, and our affections for our God, and the homes in which he has placed us." What teacher will not confess this to have been sometimes the language of his heart?

In like mood and manner said the watching disciples, "To what purpose is this waste?" and fell asleep. So we sleep instead of watching. Happy for us if our Saviour's gentle voice awake us, saying in our guilty ear, "What! could ye not watch with me one hour?" Then, our sickly dreams and distorted fancies fly away as darkness before the coming day. Then, the labors of the Sunday school teacher shoot up on the scale of duty, and the costly offering is no more a waste. He is comforted, he thanks God that he is permitted to hold the relation of teacher. But he has no self-gratulation; for he remembers that our Saviour said of Mary's offering, 'This that she hath *done* shall be a memorial of her;' and he hides his

face before the rising spectres of things left undone. The teacher's duties placed on this higher line of graduation, are illuminated like the lofty spire glittering in the sunrise, while the valley lies in shadow. And he now says, "What better *could* we do than watch with the Saviour for our little hour of life?" To what better purpose *could* we devote our energies and affections than in this voluntary consecration of them? And this high ideal makes him happier and better. If he remembers failures in his class, days of languor and listlessness, when careless, unimpressed hearts seemed to be brought instead of kneeling devotion, he remembers also seasons when he and his walked in the clear sunlight of heaven, attaining thus a height which otherwise had cost long and severe struggle, and, in the opposing accidents of outward and inward life, might *never* have been gained. He realizes now the greatness of his aim—the spiritual progress of himself and those connected with him. His vocation—to attain unto it. He sees the peculiar dangers and liabilities of each one of those he calls his own, as they thread the difficult way of life. Knowing also that many hidden providences of prosperity and adversity are in store for them, he sees

"Vast mountain steeps before them lie,  
Which they must tread upon before they die,"

and he would fain give them the pilgrim's staff and fill for them the scrip; though it still rests with the wayfarer himself to lean upon the staff, and to eat of the bread. And here must come in the entire faith, which only a just estimate of his work will excite, that for every true and earnest thought, or word, or deed, there is an exact result. Facts in the characters of his scholars may disappoint and contradict, but he may safely leave them to the world's judgment, which assuredly it will pass; interceding, only, for a lenient sentence—such palliatives as God allows, who, in judgment, remembers that we are but dust. He *must* believe that his labors are not in vain; but let him not ask that his faith may be turned into sight. If, at rare intervals, a glimpse of the blue beyond peers through the clouds, let him rejoice, and journey on in the strength of his joy, unto the mount of God. He *must* believe, that somewhere there is a harvest of the planted seed, though

he be doomed to see an unseemly growth of tares which "the enemy" has planted. This, he must learn, is in God's hands, and he must be willing to leave it there. "All souls are mine, saith the Lord:" and sooner or later, it may be in bitterness of spirit, he will appeal to the Great Creator as the "Guardian of souls," and commend to him those he loves. Only as the teacher thus regards his calling, as beginning and ending with God, and so finds it dignified and exalted above mere mental labor, can he be prepared to hold his trust in life, and yield it up in that hour which breaks all earthly dependencies, and turns the spirit of those who depart and those who remain, back to the God who gave it.

H. S. W.

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WOMAN'S POWER.

Oh, how they err, Woman, who call thee weak!  
 For thou art strong: of overcoming might  
 Thy heart's warm tenderness, thy soul's deep love:  
 Thine eyes and ears aye open to receive  
 The beauty and the music of God's truth;  
 "Hungering and thirsting after righteousness;"  
 Feeling how much, — and yet enduring all:  
 Timid and trembling, yet omnipotent  
 In strength, whene'er the voice of duty calls, —  
 "Last at the cross and earliest at the grave;"  
 The heavenly visitant of poverty;  
 The angel messenger of peace and love  
 To erring, fallen man; the hope forlorn  
 Of slavery's wretched thrall; first in each work  
 Of mercy and each word of love; thou art  
 Not weak, — for thine is Heaven's own power,  
 The might of Virtue!

H. W.

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AFTER DINNER SPEECHES. — "If charity or politics cannot be done without such things, I suppose they are useful in their way; but let nobody ever imagine that they are a form of pleasure. People smearing each other over with stupid flattery, and most of the company being in dread of receiving some compliment which shall oblige them to speak!"

## CHRISTIANS THE ONLY PROPER NAME FOR THE DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.

A SERMON, BY REV. JOHN PIERCE, D. D.

Acts xi. 26. The disciples were called Christians, first, in Antioch.

THE date of this historical fact is about eight years after the ascension of our Lord. Before this period, they were called by themselves and their friends, most commonly, as in the text, disciples ; at other times, devout men, brethren, men of God ; but by their enemies, they were usually denominated Nazarenes, as a term of the greatest reproach which could be heaped upon them.

Let it be noted, that they had not the distinctive title of Christians, till after Gentile converts had been introduced into their body. To the bigoted Jews this was at first an unaccountable occurrence ; and it demanded all the influence of the apostles, supported as they were by miraculous powers and attestations, to mitigate the inveterate prejudices of their countrymen.

From their proud notions of superiority, and of an exclusive title to religious privileges, they were in danger of designating themselves by some name, which would imply peculiar honors for themselves to the disparagement of converts from heathenism.

To counteract every such propensity, and to lessen inducements for party divisions, which had been common enough when there were no converts to the religion of Jesus but Jews, immediately after the admission of Gentiles into the Church of Christ, "The disciples were called Christians, first, in Antioch."

Would to God, that they had never submitted to bear any less honorable appellation ; much more, that they had never been forward to enlist under merely human guides, and by these means to cherish towards opposing sects the malignity of hostile combatants.

With the earnest desire of counteracting every such tenden-



cy in ourselves, and of vindicating the title of the followers of Christ, which has the express sanction of scripture, it is my purpose to assign a few plain arguments to induce us, as the disciples of Jesus, at the present day, to content ourselves with the appellation, which was first given to the disciples at Antioch.

I. There is, first, an evident propriety in the denomination.

It has been an established usage, in every period of the world, to denominate persons from the guides, they chose to follow ; and especially from those, whom, they have made it evident, that they did follow.

Thus the followers of Plato have been, with one consent, termed Platonists ; of Aristotle, Aristotelians ; and of Epicurus, Epicureans.

The only exceptions to this remark are, when enemies load one another with offensive titles, as terms of reproach.

On this ground, what more proper, than that they, who choose Christ for their Master, should be allowed to be denominated Christians ; especially when they manifest a good degree of the spirit of their Lord ; and, above all, when they refuse any sectarian denomination ?

Why do any reluctantly accord to others the venerated name, when they have no valid reasons for withholding it, and choose to denominate them by titles, which, they know, are disclaimed, and which are associated with sentiments, that their opponents never fail to declare they regard with abhorrence ? Why do they descend to such arts ; but because they are determined by all possible means to expose their adversaries to reproach and contempt ? Alas ! what is this, but a faint delineation of most controversies about religion, which have prevailed in every age of the Christian Church ? Bitter controversialists utterly refuse to allow one another the appellation of christians, and load each other with reproachful epithets, in face of that apostolical remonstrance, "Who art thou, that judgest another man's servant ; to his own master he standeth or falleth ;" and equally in defiance of that apostolical decision, "He shall have judgment without mercy, who hath showed no mercy."

In any other cause, it is deemed a matter of common courtesy to allow men whatever denomination they choose. The

reason, why similar courtesy is withholden in religion is, that ardent partisans are bent on giving those, who will not enlist under their banners, the worst name they can fasten upon them to expose them to the suspicions of fellow christians, and to strengthen their own influence by the ruin of others.

Alas! how much injury is done to christianity, when its conflicting sects, instead of uniting their forces, as far as they can conscientiously go, for the support of a cause which they all profess to hold sacred, contribute by their jealousies, alienations, and contentions, to weaken their influence, expose themselves to the contempt of their mutual enemies, and prejudice many against the gospel, who might otherwise be induced to embrace it with their whole hearts. To this circumstance, it is believed, is owing, more than to all other causes united, the prevalence of infidelity in christian lands.

II. Secondly, the disciples of Christ should be content with the appellation of christians; because party names, though given for the purpose, do not designate, with exactness, the sentiments of those who wear them; but, on the other hand, often lead to erroneous and hurtful conclusions.

The only exceptions to this remark are to be found in those, who take their opinions wholly upon trust, from their spiritual guides. In such cases, to know their sentiments, as far as they have any, it is necessary only to ascertain the sentiments of their leaders.

But consistent Protestants profess to derive their religion from the Bible alone, without the undue influence of any human authority. Of those, who "stand fast in this liberty, wherewith Christ hath made them free," no sectarian title will exactly express the sentiments. For while they will agree with one sect in some of its characteristical features, they will widely dissent from others of the same sect; whereas the name imposed on them supposes them to embrace all the sentiments of the denomination, by which they are called, as laid down in the books.

Now every one, who is conversant with ecclesiastical history, knows that, while the Bible remains the same, the opinions of almost all the sects, into which the christian world is divided, are perpetually varying, and accommodating themselves more and more to the progressive improvements of modern

times. Hence what flagrant injustice is often done to good men by imposing on them a denomination against their consent, and then by ascribing to them, sometimes with both presumption and proof to the contrary, the most offensive sentiments of all, however widely they may differ from each other, who wear this denomination? What more unfair, more unjust, more cruel, than such a procedure? And yet what more common among all denominations?

In this way, when designing or uninformed men wish to destroy the influence of an opponent, and expose him to contempt, the device is to fasten on him the most opprobrious name, however loudly he may abjure it, and to impute to him the most odious sentiments, although he may repel them with horror. Truth obliges me to say, that this practice, however unjustifiable, is by no means confined to one denomination of christians. There is much of this "leaven of malice and wickedness" in all the leading sects, which divide the christian world.

Let those then, who wish for a sectarian appellation, call themselves, and be called by others by the name they choose. On the same ground, it is but common justice, that they who consent to no other denomination but that of christians, should be permitted to bear the name they choose.

III. This denomination is, thirdly, to be preferred by those, who believe that it may be instrumental in encouraging them to form their religious opinions more by the Bible, and less after the model of merely human guides.

The natural tendency of choosing for ourselves any sectarian denomination is carefully to study its distinctive principles, and conform to them, as nearly as possible. What attentive observer of men and things can doubt, that the care with which the youth of past generations have been trained up not only in the peculiarities, but also in a reverence for the terms of their sect, has both given them a sectarian bias, and rivetted in their minds prejudices, which the most attentive subsequent study and reflection have not been able to remove?

Now let the Bible be the only book for acquiring religious principles, and regulating the practice; and it seems reasonable to conclude, that some of the worst of these prejudices may be obviated.

If then this pleasing result be, in any measure, produced by choosing for ourselves the sole denomination of christians, with what earnestness should we appropriate to ourselves this title exclusively?

Our inquiry, in this case, will be more likely to be, what says Christ, who alone has rightful dominion over our faith, than what say the most enlightened, if uninspired, of his followers? In proportion as we learn to bow to his authority alone, we shall come to treat with comparative disrespect the claims of fallible mortals. The Bible will become more and more highly valued, as our only sure guide to virtue and to glory; and we shall learn to peruse with greater caution the most celebrated productions of fellow mortals.

IV. Fourthly, for christians to content themselves with this appellation alone, promises to become one of the most effectual ways for abating a party spirit in religion.

How much this needs to be abated, no one, I think, who is acquainted with the state of christendom, will be backward to acknowledge, or can fail to lament. The contest lies not merely between believers and unbelievers; but it is obviously the most virulent and unrelenting between those, who equally profess their faith in the gospel, in the Saviour it unfolds, and in the awful retributions of eternity. In too many of this description there seems to be a disposition to deny to each other the christian name, and to impute to each other the worst of characters and motives. Consult the publications of the day, devoted to the peculiarities of the sects; and, alas! what angry controversies, what bitter revilings, what criminations and recriminations remind us of the spirit which prevailed in our journals, during the fiercest contests of political combatants!

Every one, acquainted with the gospel, must confess, that the temper thus betrayed is opposed both to the example and commands of the blessed Jesus. How resolutely did he oppose the first risings of such a disposition in his followers! When they betrayed it, how feelingly did he expostulate with them in that memorable remonstrance, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of!" How diligently did he labor to teach them the opposite lessons of mildness, forbearance, and condescension! Nay, how lovely, how expressive his example, "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suf-

ferred, he threatened not ; but committed himself to him, who judgeth righteously !” In the same spirit how urgently did his apostles beseech men to “ follow after the things, which make for peace, and things, whereby one may edify another ; to do nothing through strife and vain glory ; but in lowliness of mind, that each should esteem others better than himself ; that there should be no divisions among them, but that they should be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment ; for, behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth ; and where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.”

One of the most effectual ways, it is believed, of contributing to this desirable end, is for christians to lay less stress upon party names, to be less disposed to fasten odious appellations upon fellow christians ; and, instead of forever studying, how far they differ from other professors, and magnifying the points of difference, to consider how nearly they agree, and, how far they can conscientiously co-operate in promoting some common objects.

“ O, sir,” says an excellent European writer,\* of the last century, in an address to a dignitary of the Church of England, “ if you saw with what boldness the false philosophers of the continent, who are the apostles of the age, attack christianity, and represent it as one of the worst religions in the world, and fit only to make its professors murder one another, or at least to contend among themselves, and how they urge our disputes to make the gospel of Christ the jest of nations, and the abhorrence of all flesh, you would invite all the brethren in the ministry to do what the herds do on the Swiss mountains, when the wolves attack them. Instead of goring one another, they unite, form a close battalion, and face the common enemy on all sides. What a shame would it be, if dumb animals showed more prudence, and more regard for union, than christians and gospel ministers.”

Let the disciples then, and especially the ministers of Christ, rally around a common standard, let them be as ready to defend in others, as to claim for themselves the right of deriving their religious systems from the Bible alone ; and, when they see any embracing dangerous practical errors, while they “ con-

\*Rev. John Fletcher.

tend earnestly for the faith, which was once delivered to the saints," let them endeavor to convince gainsayers, in a spirit of meekness, and not with carnal weapons. Then will they contribute most effectually, with the blessing of God, to abate the ferocity of party spirit in religion, a spirit the most directly opposed to the genius of the gospel, to the temper of its divine author, and to the example and precepts of Jesus Christ and all the inspired teachers of his religion.

V. The denomination of christians is less liable to be perverted and misunderstood, than any other name; and this consideration should induce us to prefer it to any other distinction.

Names, we know, are continually changing their significations; particularly those, which designate political, and, above all, religious sects. So that, if you denominate a person by any sectarian name, he will complain of injustice, if you allow him not to explain how far he agrees, and in what respects he disagrees with the party, in which you rank him.

Nay, the warmest supporters of human formularies, as tests of faith, are the loudest to reprove you for unfairness, when you impute to them some sentiments literally taken from the authorized standards of the sects, whose names they nevertheless choose to wear.

I know of no better argument against the use of party names in religion, or in favor of contenting ourselves with the general appellation of christians.

Nor do I know of more flagrant acts of injustice, and even of cruelty, than are perpetrated by those, who are ever ready to fasten an opprobrious name on an opponent, not only contrary to his consent, but also in spite of his most earnest remonstrances, and then ransack ecclesiastical history, both in ancient and modern times, for the most offensive sentiments and practices of the sect in question, and impute them all, in their worst forms, without qualification and without reserve, to the person, whose good name is thus unmercifully sacrificed. If this be not to "bear false witness against our neighbor," in the worst sense of the prohibition, I know of no practice which can incur this guilt and condemnation. Think not to fasten this odious abuse of things sacred upon any denomination of christians. There are doubtless too many examples of it in all the sects, which divide and distract the christian world.



O my friends, let us guard against the indulgence of this spirit towards others, as we would consistently remonstrate against its application to ourselves! This caution is the more important, as we are prone, without consideration, to indulge this wicked temper toward others, even while smarting under the exercise of it toward ourselves. Alas! how adverse to the spirit of Christ, is the malevolence thus evinced! "Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

Will it be argued, that it is necessary to have party names, in order to discriminate the characters of men? It gives no aid to this purpose. It only involves the subject in tenfold confusion. For the names themselves require to be explained and qualified by other names, and these by others in endless progression.

The sacred writers always, in such cases, refer us to the records of divine truth alone. "To the law, and to the testimony," says Isaiah to the controversialists of his day, "if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Says our Savior to the contentious Jews, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they, which testify of me."

What our blessed Lord thought of human tribunals, independently of the divine word, as tests of faith, we may argue from his address to his disciples. "They will deliver you up to the Councils." His opinion of harsh names is also plainly delivered in his sermon on the Mount, "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say unto his brother Raca, shall be in danger of the Council; but whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."

Think not then to effect any valuable purpose by using party names in religion, for the term *christian*, after all, is less liable to be misunderstood, than any other name.

VI. Lastly, the denomination given to the disciples of Jesus in the text is that alone, which is sanctioned by the Bible; and indeed this blessed system forbids every other.

How explicit is our blessed Lord upon this subject? "Be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your Father upon the earth; for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither



be ye called Master ; for one is your Master ; even Christ." How directly is this reprehensive language opposed to that too common propensity of wearing a party name in religion, and of exalting some frail and fallible fellow-mortal to a dominion over our faith ?

What, think ye, the apostle Paul with all his revelations, and distinction in the cause of his Master, and his rapture into the third heavens, where he had such transporting views, and such superior illuminations to any of the apostles ; what would he nevertheless have said, had any conferred on him the honor of calling themselves by his name ? We know, what he would say. For he had the trial ; and he utters his most solemn protest and his decisive remonstrance. " Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul ; and I, of Apollos ; and I, of Cephas ; and I, of Christ." He was not to be flattered into an acquiescence in this vain distinction, though placed by his partial followers at the head of human guides ; but he proceeds to expostulate, " Is Christ divided ? Was Paul crucified for you ? Or were ye baptized in the name of Paul ? I thank God, that I baptized none of you, but Crispus and Gaius, lest any should say, that I baptized in mine own name. Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers, by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man. I have planted ; Apollos watered ; but God gave the increase."

It is not a little remarkable, that this earnest expostulation had its intended effect, not only at the period when it was uttered ; but also in every succeeding age. For none have since had the temerity to disobey the apostle's injunction. For though there have been, in the Christian Church, two inconsiderable sects, one calling themselves Paulians, from Paul of Samosata, in the third century ; and the other, Paulicians, from Paul of Jerusalem, in the seventh century, yet none have ventured to denominate themselves from the very chief of the apostles, though so many, in every successive period, have chosen to designate themselves, and to stigmatize others by terms derived from infinitely inferior sources.

The improvement I would suggest shall be in the language of the pious and candid Dr. Doddridge, with whose words I will conclude my discourse.

"Let us avoid," says this great and good man, "as much as possible, a party spirit; and not be fond of listing ourselves under the name of this, or that man, how wise, how good, how great soever. For surely, if the names of Peter and Paul were, in this view, to be declined; much more are those, which, in these latter days, have so unhappily crumbled the Christian and Protestant interest, and have given such sad occasion to our enemies to reproach us.

Happy he, who, reverencing and loving his Master's image, wherever he sees it, shall teach others to do so too! And who, being himself an example of yielding, so far as he conscientiously can, and of not taking upon himself to censure others, where he cannot yield to them, shall do his part toward cementing, in the bands of holy love, all the children of God, and the members of Christ! However unsuccessful may be his efforts, amidst that angry, and contentious, and ignorant, and bigoted crowd, who miscall themselves Christians; and by whatever suspicious and reproachful names his *moderation* may be stigmatized; his Divine Master will neither fail to consider it in its true view, nor to honor it with proportionable tokens of his acceptance and favor. Love is the first and greatest of his commands; and, after all the clamor that has been made about notions and forms, he, who teaches and practises love best, shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

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JUDGMENT AND TRUTHFULNESS.—"Some people's judgments are so gained over by vanity, selfishness, passion, or inflated prejudices, or fancies long indulged, or they look at everything so carelessly, that they see nothing truly. They cannot interpret the world of reality. And this is the saddest form of lying, 'the lie that sinketh in,' as Bacon says, which becomes part of the character and goes on eating the rest away."—*Friends in Council*.

## THE WIDOW'S MITE.

"Of a truth I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all." **LUKE** xxi. 3.

HE stood with calm, benignant eye  
Within the sacred court,  
Where Israel's sons, a scattered band,  
Their various offerings brought.

Levite, and haughty Pharisee,  
And Priest and Scribe were there,  
Proud in their vain humility  
Their costly gifts they bear.

His searching eye with glance divine  
Their inmost hearts surveyed,  
Each secret thought, each wish untold,  
Was here before him laid.

He saw the rich their offerings bring,  
With hearts to Mammon bound,  
They loved the vain applause of men,  
And their reward they found.

But in his sight, the rich man's gift  
No healing virtue wore ;  
An offering vain of pomp and show,  
From out his golden store.

Lowly and sad, with trembling steps,  
The child of sorrow came,  
Her heart, of earthly hope bereft,  
Glowed with devotion's flame.

Coldly the scornful crowd surveyed  
The lone one as she passed,  
And in the treasury of the Lord  
Her humble tribute cast.

But in that nameless widow's mite,  
Her all, so truly given,  
A costly offering he discerned,  
A treasure, meet for heaven.

Favored wert thou, oh lonely one,  
That gracious eye to meet,  
And to thine ear how dear those words  
Which flowed in accents sweet.

"More than the costliest gifts of wealth  
Which boasting zealots pour,  
To swell the triumphs of their pride,  
Is this poor widow's store.

They of their rich abundance cast  
Their offerings to the Lord;  
She of her penury hath given  
The little she had stored."

Ye, who though poor in worldly goods  
The truer riches seek,  
Render to him the sacrifice  
Of a pure heart, and meek.

Then will thy offering be blest,  
And oh, than gold more dear,  
Though but the lowly widow's mite,  
Glistening with sorrow's tear.

H. V. C.

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### LETTERS FROM A SISTER. I.

MY DEAR BROTHER— You are so ready to listen to all my questionings, doubts and suggestions, that I shall persevere in writing, hoping you will help me to make straight that which now appears crooked. In our conversations together, we have not always agreed, but I trust we soon shall be of the same opinion, on the subjects so important to your well being and happiness. You are soon to be ordained a minister of Christ, to work in his vineyard as a servant for the Master. I confess the thought fills me with pleasure, for I cannot conceive a more noble mission than to elevate the race to a just concep-

tion of its infinite capacities and means of usefulness, and happiness.

But it seems to me with all your zeal for the cause, your liberal views, and your decided interest in the work, you have still many little prejudices, which may cause you much unhappiness. You are certainly right, in supposing a minister should deny himself many things that are regarded as pleasures, because they are not what would tend to improve or elevate the soul; but still, I think a just moderation would not injure you, and I do not see why you should refrain from innocent and healthful recreations. Unitarians, as a sect, are certainly as moral, intelligent and religious a class of people, as you will find, but they are in one thing inconsistent. They allow themselves all sorts of pleasures, such as social parties, a fine opera, the theatre, if a star performs, and Sunday evening concerts, and think them harmless and refreshing, if not indulged to excess. Now I think if these things are harmless for *them* they are harmless for their ministers; but they do not, and he would be next to excommunication if seen at any such places. The Orthodox are more consistent, for though they do not of course wish their minister to be a man mixing in the gayeties of life, they at least absent themselves, and make the same sacrifices, which they require of him. Now, dear brother, I hope you will take a proper stand on this subject, for while you lead a godly life, you ought to mingle in the social circles composed of your parishioners, showing them by your presence that you are a friend to mirth, and a sympathizer in human joys as well as its sorrows; but still setting an example of moderation, avoiding the excess arising from late hours, wine-bibbing and luxurious living, for in these things lies the sin. As for music, your real appreciation for its beauties, and your natural taste for its refining and elevating influences, will certainly lead you to say, that it cannot be injurious, to listen to the skilful performances of the best artists, as an opera does not really differ from an oratorio, excepting in matters of stage effect, costume, and the day set apart for its performance. As many people attend for fashion's sake a Sunday concert as at any other, many go to wile away the time, and hundreds more merely to enjoy the music, without one solemn association.

For the Drama, there is less to be said, as I know your preferences are not given to the exciting scenes and feelings brought into play, by the tragic powers of any actor, while the wit of nearly every comedy, is so broad and coarse, as to startle any delicate mind.

I do trust you will be happy in your new home, and that your parishioners will not require too much of you, as you are but human, however glorious the work which you have undertaken. Do not be too much elated on entering your new sphere of duties, and if possible get the sympathies of your people, wholly and entirely. With children be easy and playful; with the young social and friendly; for many a holy yearning has been checked by the austere manner, or cold and indifferent bearing of the pastor, who might have caused seed to grow, bringing forth "a hundred fold." With the middle-aged and the old, you can more easily get along, as you will feel more upon an equality, and never a superiority, as "length of days" creates respect.

And now, dear brother, I must bring my letter to a close, hoping soon to hear from you, for your peculiar experiences will ever interest me, and from your counsels I would gladly seek aid, though I do sometimes speak too freely. I am as rejoiced as yourself at the news of Peace with Mexico, and I greatly wonder why no more notice is taken of that thrilling event. Bloodshed, rapine and the seeds of disease are now checked, families may re-assemble after a long and anxious separation, and those now happily bound together, will no more furnish widows and orphans; the fields will once more flourish, that, ere now, were scenes of carnage and destruction, and commerce and the arts may once more bring prosperity to a suffering nation. May Mexico be recompensed for all the horrors of our unjust war against her, and peace and plenty once more crown the land, after all her sufferings and degradation. That our Heavenly Father may cause good to be brought out of evil, even in this wrongful deed, by spreading the truths of the Gospel and the blessings of Christianity, is the sincere prayer of your devoted sister,

Y. E. N.

## THE LITTLE COTTAGE GIRL.

It was a pleasant afternoon in the spring time that Miss Douglas knocked at the door of a cottage in the outskirts of Boston. The door was opened by little Mary Hill whom she had sometimes seen at the house of Margaret Davis, one of her Sabbath school scholars, and whom she had invited to attend school with Margaret. But when she asked Margaret the reason that her friend did not accompany her, she learnt from her reply that Mary's parents did not believe in religion and would not permit the poor child to attend any of the Sabbath schools.

Deeply pained but interested, Miss Douglas' next effort was to obtain permission for her attendance at the sewing school, and it was for this purpose she knocked at the door of Mrs. Hill, whom she found at home and standing over her washing tub. After some preliminary remarks, Miss Douglas taking Mary by the hand turned to her mother and requested her to allow the little girl to attend her sewing school. "I do not think it will do her much good," answered Mrs. Hill quickly. "She can already sew tolerably, well enough to mend her own clothes, and that is all such a child can be expected to do. I do n't know much more than that. Besides I need her to fetch water and tend baby and do the errands." "Is not your baby rather heavy for this little girl to carry about?" asked Miss Douglas as she looked at the fat, chubby Nanny who sat on the floor playing, and then at the slight and delicate form of Mary. "I do n't know about that," replied Mrs. Hill, "Mary carries her about almost all day and never complains of being tired." "Our school," continued Miss Douglas, "is open but once a week for three or four hours, as our scholars can conveniently remain. Would you like to come, Mary?" she added, looking at the little girl who still retained her hand. "O very much if mother would spare me. I would do all the errands and fetch the water and get baby to sleep if I might go. Oh mother," turning to her parent, "if I went there I might learn to sew nicely and make shirts as Martha Myers



does, and then if father or you were sick I might earn money enough for all," and she glanced at the washing tub and the hot face of her mother. "Well, well, child," replied the mother, touched by the tender look of her daughter, "if you are so bent upon it you may go. It can do you no harm I suppose." Mary thanked her, and Miss Douglas rose to go after naming the day and hour and mentioning that the only thing exacted from the pupils was cleanliness and attention.

When Miss Douglas entered the room appropriated for the sewing school on the next Friday afternoon, the first person she saw was Mary Hill with her pale but happy face. She shook hands with the little girl, and soon all were busy with their needles. The teachers read aloud alternately, and to-day it being Miss Douglas' turn, she selected the story of a poor seamstress who under many difficulties and trials, by her own labors had educated an only son and had lived to experience the happiness of seeing him one of the chosen ministers of the gospel. She observed that Mary frequently dropped her work, and sat with her eyes fixed upon the book she held, and when at the close, the mother returned thanks to God for her good son, the tears ran down Mary's cheeks. From that time she watched her with increasing interest, and finding from her conversation that the ardent wish of her soul was to join the Sabbath school, she again called upon Mrs. Hill, and after many entreaties on Mary's side and arguments from Miss Douglas, the mother consented.

No one was now so happy as our little Mary, none more attentive to her home duties or her school pleasures; but her kind teacher, whose affection for her increased every day, remarked with pain, that her cheek grew pale and her slight figure had lost its roundness. Mary never complained; "She could not run so fast, nor play so much as the other girls did, but she was quite well if she kept quiet," she said. Alas! in a few more months and she was not able to come either to sewing or Sabbath school, and when Miss Douglas visited her she found the doctor had ordered perfect quiet for mind and body. Mrs. Hill received her but coldly, declaring Mary was hearty enough until she took to the schools and poring over books. The poor girl could not endure to see her kind

teacher thus treated, and besought her when her mother had left the room for an instant not to visit her again until she sent Margaret Davis for her. "I think, my dear Miss Douglas, I shall die and go to God and the good angels, but I cannot tell mother so. She does not believe in heaven, and it would do no good now; perhaps by and bye it may be different. God will take me, and that may open her heart; and if it should, ought I not to be glad? Good bye, you will come when I send for you."

Three weeks passed and Miss Douglas sent kind messages and nourishing food to the invalid through their mutual friend Margaret; who in return could but bear to her the sad tidings that Mary failed rapidly. One message she brought besides her usual love and thanks, "Tell Miss Douglas I shall soon need her." Four days afterwards Margaret came in haste. Mary had sent for her. The snow was lying on the ground, but Miss Douglas only waited to put on her bonnet and cloak, and she was on her way to the cottage. The day was just closing as she reached it, and she found Mary in bed propped up by pillows. "My dear teacher," she exclaimed as she caught sight of Miss Douglas, and the tears which gushed from her eyes told a story of the self-denial she had practised in not seeing her until this hour. Miss Douglas took both her hands in her own (they were cold and clammy) and kissed her tenderly. "I am so happy you have come," she whispered, "and you will stay with mother until I am gone. Poor mother!" Her teacher could only reply by a pressure of the hand. There was a tap at the door. It was the Doctor. He entered and came to the bedside. "My good friends all here," she exclaimed looking affectionately around. "Father, mother dear, kiss me." The afflicted parents bent over and did as she desired, the tears streaming down their cheeks. "And now," her feeble hand was placed under the pillow and she looked as though she sought for something. Miss Douglas felt and drew forth her Testament and placed it in her hand. It had been given to her the first day she entered the Sabbath school. "And now," she repeated, "dear father and mother that I am dying, I would ask of you a favor. Read this little book together, mother, every day as I have done and

then we can meet in Heaven, before God. Will you grant me this, my last wish?" and she looked beseechingly in her parents' face. "We will, we do, my dear child," they both exclaimed. Sobs prevented their saying more. "Thank you, thank you, and you my good Doctor who have visited me so kindly, will not you sometimes read in it?" "Yes, little angel, I will;" and the kind physician turned aside to hide his tears which stole down his cheeks. "I am very, very happy," murmured Mary in a low tone and pressing the hand of Miss Douglas. "You will come sometimes to see Nanny and Willy. I have kissed them good bye and they have gone to bed. Father, mother, kiss me once more. I shall see you again in Heaven, with God." She sunk back exhausted, but peace and love beamed from her countenance. She spoke but little more. A few words of prayer and thankfulness to God and a few whispered directions to Miss Douglas concerning her family was all she uttered, and before the morning broke her sweet spirit had ascended. The teacher arose and closed her eyes, imprinted a kiss upon her brow, and then kneeling down by the side of her afflicted parents offered a short but impressive prayer. She prayed for them, and when she arose she found that both were on their knees and weeping bitterly. The voice of their dead child and of God spoke loudly to them in that hour.

Miss Douglas stood by the side of the mother as they laid the remains of little Mary in the earth, and her visits became frequent to the bereaved ones whom Mary loved and who now received her with sincere pleasure, and she soon had the delight of seeing them regular attendants with their children at — church. And the good Doctor, he too became a disciple of Jesus, and often blessed the little girl of the cottage who had been the instrument to awaken him to the truth and light.

A—A.

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"THINGS that only keep us to exist are in a secondary and mean sense useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist, than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence."—*Modern Painters*.

## INTELLIGENCE.

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**INSTALLATION AT HAMPTON FALLS AND KENSINGTON, N. H.**—Rev. Sumner Lincoln was installed as Pastor of these united societies, Wednesday, June 28, 1848. Introductory Prayer, and Reading Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Higginson of Newburyport; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Parkman of Dover, N. H.; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Portsmouth, N. H.; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Thomas of South Boston; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Holland, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Osgood of Cohasset.—Services, conducted by Rev. Messrs. Holland and Thomas, were held in the evening.

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**INSTALLATION AT WOBURN, MASS.**—Over the young and growing Unitarian Society lately gathered at Woburn, and worshipping in the church formerly occupied by Universalists, Rev. Henry F. Edes was installed July 6, 1848. Introductory Prayer and Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Randolph (Universalist) of Lexington; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Stetson of Medford; Address to the People, by Rev. Richard S. Edes of Bolton.

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**ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.**—Of the exercises on this occasion we have received, and very gratefully, the following account:—

“MEADVILLE, July 4, 1848.

MR. EDITOR: Dear Sir—It was the good fortune of your correspondent, during his stay in the pleasant borough of Meadville, to be present at the Anniversary Exercises of the Meadville Theological School; and, knowing your interest in the School and in the religious prospects of the West generally, he ventures to make that occasion the subject of the present letter.

The regular exercises of the School occurred on the 29th of June; but that the day might not be too tedious, the Anniversary Address before the graduating class was pronounced on the evening previous. It was by the Rev. Professor Hosmer of Buffalo, in presence of a numerous, intelligent audience. The Professor announced his text, Matthew x. 34:—“I came not to send

peace, but a sword;" and proceeded to illustrate its truth by a graphic survey of the history of Christianity. Christ's coming, he said, had everywhere sent a sword. It sent a sword to the unbelieving Jews, to the persecuting Pagans; and again it sent a terrible sword at the Reformation. Glancing rapidly over the Past, the Professor descended to the Present. Christianity, he said, had done something, had done much, but more remained to be done. Christ was yet to come, not in outward manifestation, but in the triumph of his principles.

*Christendom needed to be christianized.* The reign of Christ was still resisted both by the Church and by the world. His kingdom was of such a nature that it was next to impossible to establish it peacefully. Its sway had ever been resisted till violence and the sword had been called into requisition; and it was to be feared that such would continue to be the case in future. But the kingdom of Christ must come: nothing could withstand it. Christ was coming to judge the world indeed: already was the tribunal set up. That nation, institution, custom, not based on Christian principles, must come to nought. Here the eloquent Professor made an onslaught upon modern conservatism. Progress, he said, was the only proper conservatism, and those who would conserve society by withstanding its progress, were destructionists. Such was the constitution of all mortal things, that they were preserved only by constant repair, reformation, reconstruction; they must, from time to time, be reformed, or destruction was inevitable. It was, then, the duty of the minister to be a reformer, if he would leave the world as good as he found it. He closed with an impressive enforcement of the truths he had discussed; and, laying before the Class, in a few words, the demands of the age on the ministry, he exhorted them to hopeful perseverance, and invited the blessing of God on their faithful efforts. The whole address was conceived in the spirit of a philanthropist and reformer,—the style and delivery chaste, and characterized by that devoted earnestness which is the truest eloquence. The audience manifested equal delight in the subject and in the man.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the ensuing day, we were again called together to witness the exercises of the graduating class. The house was comfortably crowded; the exercises opened with prayer from the Rev. Professor Hosmer. The Rev. President R. P. Stebbins then announced to the house that he wished it distinctly understood that the institution was not responsible for the opinions advanced by any of the speakers. They were independent freemen, and alone responsible for their opinions. It was no part of this School to force men's opinions. The exercises of the Class succeeded. The following is a list:—1. The Doctrine of the Nicene Creed, Noah Michael, Ohio; 2. The Exclusive System, Samuel McKown, Ohio; 3. The Demands of the Age upon the Ministry, Thomas S. Lathrop, Mass. Hymn. 4. The "Little Horn" of Daniel, Evan W. Humphrey, Ohio; 5. The "Ministry at Large" in Cities, William Cushing, Mass.; 6. The Use of Reason in Matters of Faith, Alvin Coburn, Vt.; 7. The Object of Christ's Mission, Nathaniel O. Chaffee, Mass. Hymn. 8. The Principles of the Reformation, Liberty Billings, Me.; 9. The Scriptural Doctrine of Election, Stillman Barber, Mass.

The dissertations were all creditable; and considering the limited advantages of the young men previous to their connection with the School, we were

agreeably surprised with the scholarlike character of the whole performance. Original hymns were furnished for the occasion by members of the lower classes,—of too local a character, however, to interest the public.

The dissertations pronounced, the President descended to the floor to present the certificates, which he did in so pathetic a manner that it demands a sentence of description. Standing before the Class with a small bundle of certificates in his hand, he hesitated a moment to command his feelings. A breathless silence pervaded the house, and when in a subdued tone of affectionate solemnity he broke the silence, the whole audience melted into tears. He admonished the class with unutterable tenderness, dignified by perfect self-control, that they were no longer his pupils; recounted briefly the labors and trials, the pleasures and successes of their course of study; animated them with the bright hopes before them; then, explaining the meaning of the certificates, which he called simply letters of introduction to the Church, and admonishing them never to betray the confidence reposed in them by their possession, dismissed them with a parting benediction. The members of the School then united in singing a valedictory hymn written for the occasion; and the interesting exercises closed by prayer and benediction from the President. The Board of Instructors, Trustees, students and friends of the School then retired to the house of Mr. H. J. Huidekoper, and there partook of a collation prepared by that gentleman's private munificence. The whole was conducted with great simplicity and absence of parade. Never have we witnessed anything of the kind more cordial and heartfelt or less hollow and imposing. The young men will never forget the anniversary of 1848.

Your humble servant and correspondent,

W.

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ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAMBRIDGE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—The exercises were held at 10 o'clock, on Friday, July 14, and were as follows:—1. The Miracle of the Barren Fig-Tree, Mr. James Francis Brown; 2. The Character of Christ as an Argument for the Truth of his Religion, Mr. Solon Wanton Bush.—Hymn for the occasion,—

"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers."

"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

WE hear the heavenly voice,  
That bids us forward move;  
And make its call our choice,  
Our labor, and our love.  
White fields demand  
The reaper's pains;  
And dark-brown plains  
The sower's hand.

The sickle and the seed  
Still own one Sovereign Lord;

He gives the means we need,  
 And we but plant his word.  
 The laborer's skill,  
 And sun and rain,  
 And store of grain,  
 Abide his will.

Go with us, Lord, we pray !  
 Or we are left alone ; —  
 Poor wanderers from thy way,  
 And aliens in our own.  
 The humble heart,  
 The fervid soul,  
 And faith all whole,  
 O God ! impart.

Make this our Pentecost, —  
 Our day of tongues and fire,  
 With gifts we crave the most,  
 Our languid minds inspire.  
 O bless the hour,  
 And crown the end !  
 The Spirit send,  
 And then the Power.

N. L. F.

3. The Origin and Import of Sacrifices, Mr. Joseph Hobson Phipps ; 4. Man's Moral Condition by Nature, Mr. Israel Alden Putnam.—Hymn for the occasion, by Rev. John Pierpont,—

O HOLY ONE, who didst anoint  
 Thy Christ, his brethren to reclaim,  
 And dost, even now, thy sons appoint  
 To preach thy Gospel in his name ;

Largely to us that grace supply,  
 Thou, not by measure, gavest him,  
 And in that gift didst raise him high  
 O'er cherubim and seraphim ; —

That, as he erst stood up, within  
 The synagogue at Nazareth,  
 And there rebuked high-seated sin,  
 Confronting power, and hate, and death ;

We, too, in that same spirit, Lord,  
 Whom now thou sendest forth to teach,  
 To darkening souls, thy lightening word,  
 Thy Gospel to the poor may preach ;



Preach prompt deliverance to the thrall,  
To the poor blind, recovered sight,  
Rest to the grieved and bruised, — to all  
The enjoyment of their every right.

Giver and Guardian of all right,  
Father alike of bond and free,  
Clothe us, O clothe us with thy might,  
That we may serve and honor thee.

5. The Design of Christ in using Parables, Mr. Daniel Waldo Stevens; 6. The Theological Position of Arminius, Mr. Joshua Young.—Hymn for the occasion, by Rev. James Flint, D. D.,—

FATHER of lights! we here have sought  
Christ and his truth aright to know,  
And teachers now, as we've been taught,  
Forth to declare his truth we go.

We leave these shades, this lov'd retreat,  
This cherished school of sacred lore,  
Life's trial scenes henceforth to meet,  
Which Jesus calls us to explore.

Grant us, O God, like him to feel  
For human guilt and human woe, —  
Like him the spirit's wounds to heal, —  
Our hearts with love like his to glow.

Give us a tongue to plead for peace, —  
To lay the Moloch fiend of war, —  
To speed the fettered slave's release, —  
Sparing no sins Christ suffered for.

Teach us to scorn the bigot's part,  
The narrowness of sect to shun, —  
To own in every loving heart  
A true disciple of thy Son.

Where'er a hearing we may gain,  
From many, or from two or three;  
Let hovel, hall, or crowded fane  
Attest our faithful ministry.

At 3 o'clock of the same day, the Alumni of the School held their annual meeting in the College Chapel. Rev. Professor Noyes, D. D., was elected

President, Rev. Ralph Sanger Vice President, Rev. J. F. W. Ware Secretary. Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, Rev. Mr. Newell and Rev. A. B. Muzzey were appointed the Executive Committee. Rev. S. Gilman, D. D., was chosen second preacher,—Rev. Dr. Parkman being the first by last year's choice. Rev. S. Saltmarsh was made an honorary member of the body. Papers having been read and remarks offered by Rev. S. K. Lothrop, relating to action that had been had, and a correspondence that had taken place between certain ministerial associations and the Corporation of the University, having in view the reinforcement of the Board of Instruction in the School,—the subject was discussed by several gentlemen, and on motion of Rev. Mr. Thurston, it was finally voted:—"That the Committee appointed a few months previous by several combined ministerial associations, be now a Committee of this body to investigate the position and relations of the School generally, and report thereon at the next annual meeting." Adjourned.

At 4 o'clock, the address was delivered in the Chapel by Rev. George W. Burnap of Baltimore, on the "Tendencies and Wants of Modern Theology." The subject was treated with marked ability and force. The indirect and direct evidences of thorough scholarship were ample and apparent. Nor was there any want of rhetorical power. It ought to be added that the style of elocution, though never impassioned, was graceful, dignified and impressive. As the discourse will doubtless be printed and circulated, we give no analysis; though the method was so lucid that the whole course of thought might be readily recalled.

We cannot forbear suggesting the hope, that as our *want* of Theology has of late been, by one hand and another, so fully stated, illustrated, accounted for, insisted on, proved to a certainty, rebuked as a wrong and lamented as a misfortune,—we shall presently begin to receive contributions towards supplying the deficiency. And we would respectfully submit whether the next and future performances on this and similar occasions,—instead of demonstrating the want,—which has doubtless been quite proper heretofore,—might not do good service by advancing to meet and satisfy it.

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\*.\* On looking over the above notice of the Cambridge Anniversary, we are constrained to say that if it appears somewhat cool and languid, as compared with the letter from Meadville preceding it, it is because it was written in the spirit that brooded over the occasion. We have good reason to believe the gentlemen graduated have excellent qualifications for the ministry; but for ourselves, we have not the least scruple in admitting the painful absence of vitality that characterized almost the whole aspect and proceedings of the Day of Visitation. The views which students are sent forth from Divinity College to preach, are the views that are destined to lead the life and progress of this age of the world, and are already doing it. And if there is not a regeneration soon in some quarters,—we do not presume to say where,—by which a little more warmth, heartiness, vivacity and drastic energy shall be inspired into the operations of that venerable institution,—the fire will inevitably be lighted elsewhere. Very few aspiring and devoted young men will be found willing to remain to draw their theological nutriment from "ribs of death."